

The Hill

Once there was a hill, neither big nor small, a simple mount, a knoll. A large ant-mound or a small dormant volcano perhaps, with the up-hill side and the down-hill side, a hill in short, of the average kind.

Clambering up to a vast lonely sky, at the dark wooded purlieus of a far away place, it stood, looking over a road. A road so ancient that it has forgotten where it came from and where it was going.

A peculiar tree grew on the hill. All mangled, tangled, contorted and bowed, it was an angled tree full of angles, and it was so very old, that it just did not look like a tree any more. With a gnarly, snarly stem, a chaos of boughs, and a muddle of twigs and sprigs everywhere- it resembled something from the tales (ones told by the fire, for those are the best kind). Its limbs spread wide, and the leaves whispered those tales, those forgotten stories we have mentioned before, into the winds and the cold rays of a far, lonely moon.

There were springs and summers on the hill, and the chatter of insects, the pattering rain and a buoyant bird song. There were winters and autumns and dreams of far away places. There were promises, memories and secrets never to be told. There was laughter and childhood on the hill, and the quiet moments reserved only for thoughts. There was the boundless, vast future. And there was hope, and bliss, and an everlasting peace.